



Blood Moon



satan hell demon

👁 213 ✓ 17 ★ 19

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Satan's daughter had never looked more beautiful.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Then again, that is why she had purposely possessed the most beautiful young girl in the world. Well, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but some bodies are just a little bit easier to behold...

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



She's walking my way, and I must be careful not to make eye contact. Not only would I lose my soul, sucked out of my body to be fed to her great three headed hellhound, but it would be completely disrespectful. It's hard to tell which of the two is worse.

Still, I can focus enough to open the door of her red plated limo, offering her to the velvet interior. Her father awaits on Earth at the modeling agency. I will stay behind here and keep things running smoothly.

It's slightly hard to see her go, but I can't dwell. My father made me rather attached to the girl. I cannot dwell for long. There is work to be done. Someone screams behind me. As usual, I ignore it. A Sweeper will take care of them. I will find my way out of the pits to try and make a run for Satan's castle.

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That's not important. I have a palace-wide lunch to make.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



I'm preparing Satan's favorite - a watercress sandwich - when a great commotion interrupts my duties. Sounds akin to gunshots and screams fill the hallway. All in all, a normal day in Hell. I just wish that they would keep it down a notch.

One of Satan's sons runs into the kitchen, eager to speak with me.

"Mister Brimstone! Mister Brimstone! I have a question for you!"

"Yes, my little hellhound?"

"Lilith is wrecking havoc on earth in the body of a beautiful woman, right?"

"Correct."

"When I'm older, can /I/ wreck havoc on earth in the body of a beautiful woman? Daddy says that's weird. Why is it weird?"

I pause. I don't want to directly oppose Satan himself. But his son just looks so sad...I kneel and whisper.

"If that's what you're into, then yes. But don't go telling your father I said that, okay?"

"Gee, thanks, Mister Brimstone! For giving me a reason to /fire you!/"

All of a sudden, the form of Satan's youngest son melts away. The big man himself is standing in front of me.

Oh, hell.

Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



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I stare into his beady, dead eyes. He's not going to pull the fear card with me. I raised him, his father, and a whole generation of Hell's elite. I know his weaknesses.

"Is this about my recent pay raise, sir?"

"Oh no you don't, you weasel! You're not getting away from the topic!"

"I can see that you're stressed. Might I offer you a back massage?"

"Massage? What..."

I can see he's seriously considering it before the fire returns to his eyes.

"No, no, no! I don't need a massage! I need you to stop manipulating my children!"

"I hardly see why teaching little Lucifer that his father will love him no matter how he grows up should be seen as 'manipulating', sir."

"Because Lucifer can't rule hell in a dress!"

"Sir, you've already raised a fine son. He's the smartest little demon in school," - bit of a stretch - "an excellent role model," - he pushed his youngest sister down the stairs two days ago - "and an absolute glutton."

The seven deadly sins have their place in Hell, especially among the elite. My boss' eyes gleamed at my last comment.

"Do you really think so?"

"I know so."

I was keeping a job.

Chapter 6 by Saint Sayaka

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I walked out of the office with my head down, not looking back. Satan is pretty quick to correct his mistakes when he's not being provoked. An excellent employee, at least.

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My mind wanders to his daughter as I walk through the halls. I hope she's doing her job up there on earth, and not having her fill of boys and booze. I suppose I'll figure that out soon enough. I enter my office, and throw on a jacket. Earth is quite cold this time of year.

Satan wants me to do a little check up on her.

Chapter 7 by Laurel



I emerge in a large skyscraper in New York City. It's the headquarters of the modeling agency that Lilith is currently employed by and the one she's using to influence the humans within the society.

It may seem confusing as to why a daughter of Satan would be working for a human agency but the explanation is simple.

As I said before, the seven deadly sins are very important in hell, therefore it's Lilith's goal to spread one or more of those in the world.

Her goals presently: Envy and Lust

It's very ambitious of her to attempt to spread two of the sins, her father went for Wrath, I don't believe that anyone else in the line had attempted to do so since Diablo in the 1700's where he spread Wrath, Greed, and Pride among the people of three separate continents.

That had been a sight to see.

In any case, my goal now was to make sure that Lilith was doing her job while remaining within the rules. When a resident of hell visits Earth there are certain guidelines that one must follow to avoid conflict with the heavenly powers. Though there was only one that Satan thought that Lilith was violating.

Rule #7: Intimacy with a human, whether physical or otherwise, is strictly forbidden. Any violation will result in smiting.

I shudder, smilings are even worse. See more of Story Wars

I walk over to the front desk
as I approach.

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A new woman. She looks up

"Greetings, I have an appointment with Lilith De Vil. Possibly under the name of Mr. Cain Brimstone?" I say in a bored tone of voice.

The woman, whose name tag says her name is Natalie, scrolls through something on her computer before clicking on something.

After a few more seconds of clicking she looks up at me and hands me a key for the elevator.

"It's the 3rd floor, dressing room 25."

I give her a nod of acknowledgement and then go to the elevators.

I notice that for a famous agency there weren't many people here. Usually places like this were bustling with hopeful models, crew members, and severe managers. But this place was almost completely empty besides that Natalie woman at the front desk.

How strange.

Whatever the case I still had to complete my job so I swiped the card in the slot beside the elevator. The door opens instantly and I step in, pressing the number 3 on the side.

I wonder how Lilith is doing. Though she could be a little compulsive and haughty at time she was a perfect leader for Hell someday. I really hoped we could remove all suspicions and yet I couldn't help but wonder if the rumors were true.

The elevator dings and the door slowly opens. I step out and it closes behind me. I'm now in a hallway and right in front of me is a room with the number 25 beside it.

I don't know what I expect to see behind this door, I slowly reach towards the knob but before I can open it the door is blasted open, flying off of its hinges.

I lunge out of the way before it can hit me but the shock of the door was nothing compared to my shock of what was behind the door.

"Lilith and... Wrath?"

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 8: Wrath

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The boss was looking a little tired of the stream of partygoers congratulating him and currying favors, so I slipped past the waiting line and whispered loudly at his side, "Forgive me not, Your Unholiness, a question in the kitchen requires your advice?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "A smiting, perhaps?" He put on his most demonic lip curl, and the sycophants suddenly found reason to curry favor with the bride and groom instead.

"A fine wedding party, sir, the most terrifyingly beautiful occasion I recall attending."

"Thank you, Brimstone. Your kitchen is entirely in order, then?"

"It is, sir. I only wanted to ask the name of the artist who created the devils food wedding cake by hand and congratulate him. What a work of art!"

He looked at the dark crenellated seven layer tower and nodded thoughtfully. "A remarkable symbol of humanity's aspirations, isn't it? Pounds and pounds of sweet sugar mixed in with stimulants and artery-choking lard, eagerly consumed even by guests who will be drawn into long and painful deaths by the damage it does to their bodies. I mean, who would embarrass the newlyweds by declining to eat a piece?"

I nodded in agreement. "The baker who made this one embellished the theme very well. Is that gargoyle, erm, *enceinte*? And the brown snow — ah, *burnt* sugar! Sir, I must congratulate the master artist who created this, what is his name?"

Satan's eyes were suddenly focused somewhere deep inside my soul. "You mean that," he said in a flat tone, "and you don't know. For the first time in millenia, I am disappointed in you, Cain Brimstone."

All my self-survival reflexes panicked — but, wait, there were no signs of rage in his countenance, what was it?

"I have a hobby. I enjoy baking gloriously unhealthy confections in which everyone must indulge.

Not even my daughter and son-in-law know this, and you will tell No One!

See more of Story Wars

The Master of Disaster makes a wedding cake I could quickly "Never would I tell, sir, never!"

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"And before you say what you are only starting to think, I will *not* raise your pay to guarantee your silence!" he snarled. "You are much too accomplished and experienced to frivol away your time scrabbling for petty lucre, buying up old tarot cards, and lusting after Lilith's favor. It is past time for you to consider becoming a partner!"

Give away my precious Hells Angels tarot card collection? Never! "A, a partner? My Prince, I am not worthy, I — " but he cut me off with a wave of his hand.

"I am making you an offer, Cain Brimstone, that you cannot refuse. Turn around and be introduced to Raven. You have my permission to court her."

Raven. The daughter who was lost, and was raised on Earth.

I couldn't stare at him, I mustn't. *A perfect play, infinite and fading pleasure conjoined with total subjugation! Never ever think again that you can pull one over on Satan*, I thought to myself, *never forever*.

I inhaled deeply. Let my breath out. Forced up a smile. Turned.

"Mistress, a great pleasure!" My voice shook as memories of a happy bachelorhood of marathon tarot games faded away and I consigned my soul for all Eternity to the evilly smiling dark-haired beauty who would be my wife.

the end

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